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April, 1974

making your wonderful **Project TAP** available
ur community. You will never know what it has
that something new was going to be added to
ng the **1973 - 1974** school year, there were
because we were very concerned that nothing
which is the education of the children of our
to be known as a **Total Arts Program** was to be
ry because it was something we had never heard
then as the program began to operate and we
ted, warm and wonderful people arriving in our
s, actors, dancers coming into our community
ults and children -- we began to see, truly
e. I speak for many other teachers when I say
of teaching in my entire career. As a small
e with you some of the things to come out of
derful so it was a difficult undertaking to
osed is **a selection of some of the** representa-
ting in the project)...**poems, art, comments.**
ng you this they wanted to include letters
tion and thanks for making school a more en-
e all hope that the South Carolina Arts Com-
te for another program next year. The arts

Introduction

Someone once said that no experiment is ever a failure in that each experiment is in some way a learning experience. This somewhat expresses my feelings when this highly experimental project began in July of 1973. For Project TAP was — in every way — experimental.

The concept of artists in the schools was not revolutionary and the introduction of various arts disciplines had taken place numerous times before in many places.

But what we hoped to achieve in this pilot project was an intensive or total arts program, a concentrated education program in a defined, manageable geographic area. The "total" of our title was taken quite literally both in the project development and its later implementation — total meaning thinking and feeling and doing in an interrelated, open-ended, non-threatening manner. Artists in the schools made no attempt to mold students into professionals but served as stimuli and through a kind of joyful experimentation brought students into a fuller awareness of the arts and artists.

As the project progressed we came to the realization how fully Project TAP had touched the lives and needs of the people — young, adult, elderly — of the communities it served. When we began to look for ways to document the program, we realized that a true glimpse of Project TAP would only be possible if we shared some of those tangible results — poems, artwork, comments, and letters which have come out of the Project TAP experiment. The material selected constitutes only a fragment of what Project TAP stimulated, and it was a most difficult task to choose. Hopefully the portions included may convey a glimpse of the potential and the added dimensions which a project like TAP can introduce into a school and a community.

Rick George
Executive Director
South Carolina Arts Commission

I WISH

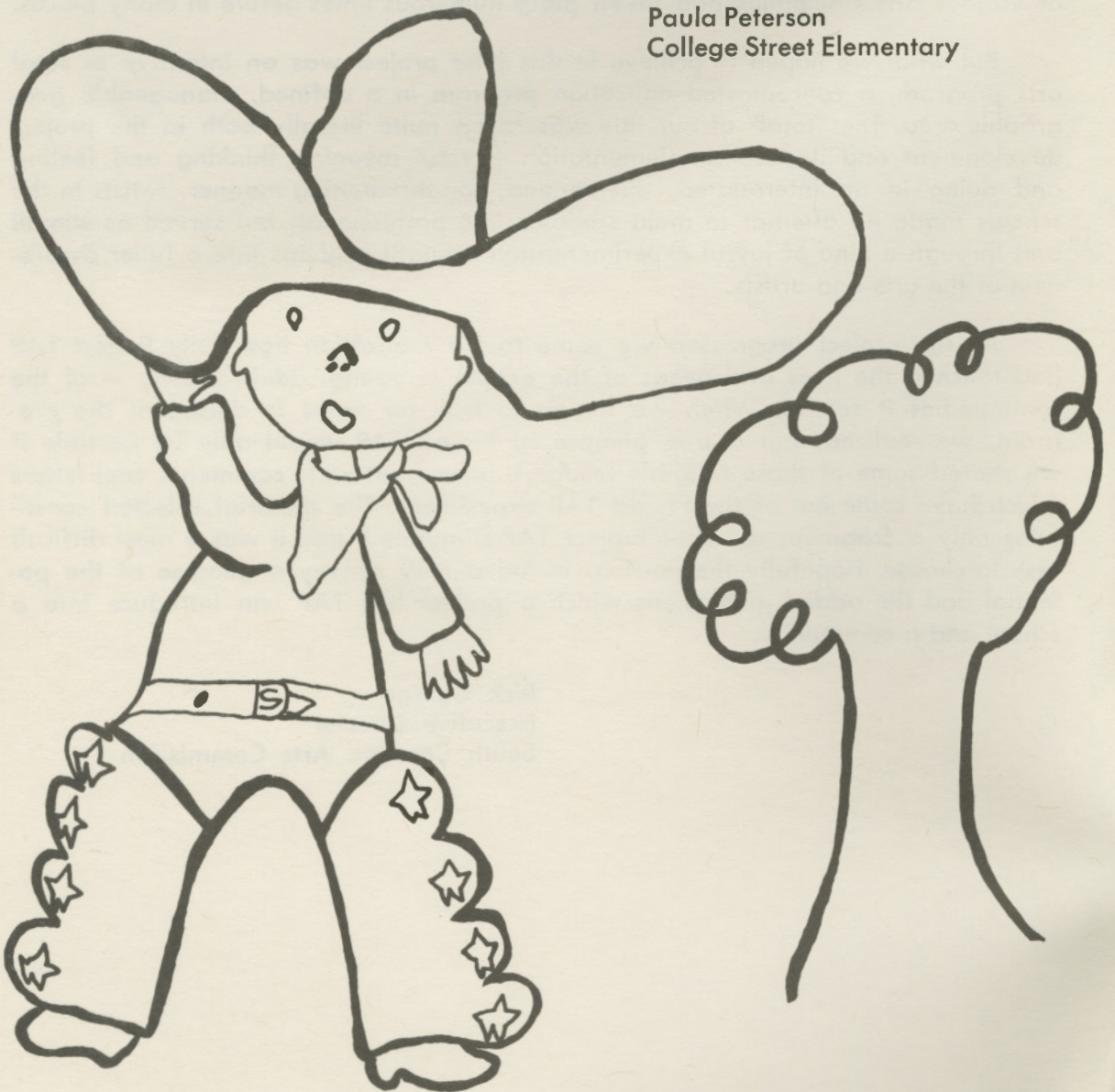
I wish guns were licorices.
I wish bullets were malted milk balls.
I wish a trigger was a three musketeer bar.
I wish the holster was an ice-cold pepsi.

Jane & Sandra
Buford High School

THE WIND

The wind is fun to play in.
It is fun to run in the wind too
In our heavy winter coats.
Our noses get cold and red.
Our hands get cold too.
We run around the house.
It got cold and dark.
We went home and went to sleep.

Paula Peterson
College Street Elementary



MY SHADOW

My shadow follows
me everywhere I go
It follows me sun
up to sun down
My shadow never
gets tired
But when I go to
bed he goes to bed
Yesterday I tried
to paint my shadow
red and every time
I would move he
would move and
I couldn't paint him

Mike Blackburn
Grade 5
College Street Elementary



Susan Meiselas

I liked susan best of
all. But they were all
good. I like Project Tap.
My cousin has a flute
They made me feel
very happy. I glad they
thought of Project Tap.
I like them to play for
us.

Sandy Atkins
Grade 4th
Riverview School

Project Tap

I like Project Tap because of the performances that we have. I enjoy most of them very much. Most of all I liked Mr Phillip and Miss Paula Hatcher. But I enjoyed all of them. I think that Riverview is very lucky to have Project Tap.

Mary Louttan

Paula Hatcher Richard Phillips



THE MYSTERIOUS DAY

We walked step by step up the
mysterious hill
We stepped in a mysterious pit
the mysterious walls started caving
in
but we saw a mysterious ladder
and when we were up the mysterious
pit
the mysterious day was no longer
there
And I had dreamed a mysterious dream.

Todd Mackey
Grade 6
North Junior High

THE REASON FOR SCHOOLS

It all began when the first baby was born to Adam and Eve. They knew nothing but they could communicate. When the child grew older it didn't speak. It just grunted. Then Adam said "Eve, we got to teach her how to talk," but they didn't know how. About then, along came the serpent who told Eve you-know-what and she did it. So they were sent out of the Garden and there they really learned about talking. They took their child and taught it to talk. And the first word she said was "school" which Adam and Eve didn't understand. They finally figured it out and said "We have taught her to speak and we need some place to teach our other children in the future." They named their child school and the buildings school and lived to see their children teach their children. That's how school began and why we are stuck with this school. It's the original sin.

Gretchen Patterson
Heath Springs Middle

Living in Charlotte is like having your head
tied to a table with rotten beans under your nose.
If you took a bite out of Charlotte
it would taste like cleaning a catfish with your mouth.

Kenneth Howie
Indian Land

I like the woodwinds group and the poetry is fun. But best of all is Susan. I think she is nice and the other people I can't name them all. Susan did not make us do it. Some school don't have all this and the people coming there. It makes me feel at home. And I like school more and more every day. They make me feel happy. I like Project Tap so much. I like to have Project Tap to come back next year.

Rhodes Junior
Riverview
School
Grade 4th





G. P.

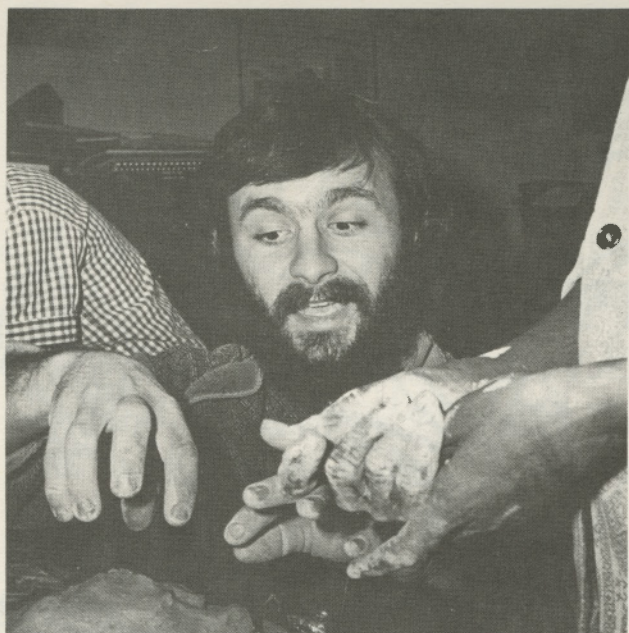
TREES

You are old and fat and clumsy
Old tree
I do not see how you live
You big old big old
Clumsy rotten tree.

Myron Stroud
Southside Elementary
Lancaster

The trees are like fans,
The flowers are like little different
colored dots.
The grass is like green spaghetti
growing.
The animals are like people on four legs.
The birds are like singing stars.

Donna Wages
Grade 4
Lewisville Elementary



George McCauley

We take clay from a bag, make a pot, fire it, and on Fridays each student can take home a pot that he has made — a big accomplishment for a person who ^{had} never seen clay and thought that Raku was a spaghetti sauce.

George McCauley

If I Were a Pot

If I were the clay before the pot, then I would start to stiff up because of the people who makes me into things, but when they work with me it hurts that way. But if a gentle man, like Mr. George, would come along, well, then I'll soften up, and after he makes me and fires me in the kiln that's when we'll live happily ever after.

Frankie
Watts



Project Tap is the nicest Project for the 4th, 5th, and 6th. grades because in the 3rd grade I didn't get to do very much. The pottier made me think of alot of things. When I got home I said to my mom I want to be a potter but my mom said you might have more people come to Riverview School so don't tell me now. Later my mom was right right we had had more people come like the pottier, the poet, and a photographer named Sasan and many more. I sure do hope Project Tap comes back

By Mary Jo
4th grade
Riverview
School



SOUTH CAROLINA ARTS COMMISSION

Terrell L. Glenn, Columbia, Chairman
John Acorn, Clemson
Clarence Addison, Clemson
Phyllis Giese (Mrs. Warren K.), Columbia
Robert Marvin, Walterboro
Gwen S. McCall (Mrs. Roy C.), Easley
Stephen McCrae, Fort Mill
Alice Stephenson (Mrs. H. P.), Columbia
Franklin West, Florence

PROJECT TAP ADMINISTRATION/STAFF

Scott Sanders	Director, Arts in Education Division South Carolina Arts Commission
Joyce Huey	Arts in Education Consultant/Project TAP Coordinator South Carolina Arts Commission
Beverly Beckwith	Assistant Project Coordinator South Carolina Arts Commission
Dr. Donald Hoffman	Teacher Education Coordinator/Special Consultant Associate Professor of Art University of South Carolina
Dr. Michael Day	Project TAP Evaluator Head, Division of Art Education University of South Carolina

Arts Truck



. . . from Project TAP
(Total Arts Program/1973-74)

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South Carolina Arts Commission
Columbia, South Carolina

PROJECT TAP PARTICIPATING SCHOOLS 1973-74

Chester Township

- Chester Junior High, Chester
Harold O. Bedenbaugh, Principal
Fannie Black, In-School Coordinator
- College Street Elementary, Chester
E. G. Mobley, Principal
Sara King, In-School Coordinator
- Fort Lawn Elementary, Fort Lawn
Osbey Roddey, Principal/In-School Coordinator
- Lewisville Elementary, Edgemoor
Jennie C. Kelly, Principal
Angie Payne, In-School Coordinator
- Lewisville Middle, Richburg
H. E. Neely, Jr., Principal
Ruth Shoemaker, In-School Coordinator
- Southside Elementary, Chester
Paul S. Clarkson, Principal
Rosalie Whitesides, In-School Coordinator

Fort Mill Township

- A. O. Jones Elementary, Fort Mill
Robert W. Jones, Principal
Myrtle Nims, In-School Coordinator
- Fort Mill Junior High, Fort Mill
H. M. McCallum, Principal
Barbara Phillips, In-School Coordinator
- Riverview Elementary, Fort Mill
Robert E. Case, Principal
Joan Stevenson, In-School Coordinator
Johnsie Lumpkin, Filmmaking Coordinator

Lancaster County

- Buford Elementary, Lancaster
Gene K. Starnes, Principal
Gwen Starnes, In-School Coordinator
- Buford High, Lancaster
David E. Robinson, Principal
James Price, In-School Coordinator

Clinton Elementary, Lancaster
Billie L. Smith, Principal
Dolores Brown, In-School Coordinator

Dobson Elementary, Lancaster
Elsie Boyce, Principal
Judy McKeithan, In-School Coordinator

Erwin Elementary, Lancaster
Leona C. Cunningham, Principal
Linda Bowers, In-School Coordinator

Flat Creek School, Flat Creek
Milton Sowell, Principal
Mildred Mitchell, In-School Coordinator

Heath Springs School, Heath Springs
W. G. Nichols, Principal
Barbara Ogburn, In-School Coordinator

Indian Land School, Indian Land
Paul A. Cook, Principal
Randolph D. Potts, Principal
Georgia Potts, In-School Coordinator

Kershaw Elementary # 2, Kershaw
John L. Redford, Principal
Ollie Croxton, In-School Coordinator

Kershaw Middle, Kershaw
Joseph E. Gregory, Principal
Lottie Mae Belton, In-School Coordinator

McDonald-Green Elementary, Lancaster
Anne R. Nims, Principal/In-School Coordinator

North Junior High, Lancaster
Wyatt H. Benton, Principal
Eleanor Griffin, In-School Coordinator

South Junior High, Lancaster
H. K. Boucher, Principal
F. M. Hough, Jr., In-School Coordinator

Southside Elementary, Lancaster
W. E. Brown, Principal
Jane Cooper, In-School Coordinator

PROJECT TAP PARTICIPATING ARTISTS AND PERFORMERS

Literary Arts

Walter Griffin, Poet-in-Residence

Gary Ligi, Poet-in-Residence

Performing Arts

In-School Concerts:

Bircher Contempercussion

Carolina Brass Quintet

Lucktenberg Duo (Strings)

James Pritchard (Woodwind)

Marifred Ziemba (Harpist)

Crescent Youth Symphony

Charleen Whisnant, Jim Thompson, and Sam Ingram

(Poet and Jazz Musicians)

Richard Phillips, Classical Guitarist

Paula Hatcher, Flutist

Sybil Huskey, Affiliate Artist Dancer

SCORE (South Carolina Open Road Ensemble)

Wesley O. Brustad, Director

Ella Gerber, Director

John C. Capodice, Actor

Jane Crawley, Actress

Michael Fortner, Actor

Peter Holland, Actor

Wayne Maxwell, Actor

Sherill Price, Actress

Visual Arts

ARTS (Arts Resource Transportation Service)

Bruce Milletto, Artist-in-Residence

Susan Meiselas, Filmmaker/Photographer

George McCauley, Traveling Craftsman (Potter)

Ann Wiseman, Guest Artist

Stan Woodward, Filmmaker

Tommy Scott Young, Environmentalist

All artwork done by students in the TAP Program.

Preface and Acknowledgments

On August 23, 1973, some 150 individuals gathered in Lancaster, S. C. for a kick-off luncheon for a program called Project TAP. At that time probably about one-third of those attending had any knowledge at all of the concept of the project, what it would attempt to do and why. Eight months later, it is doubtful if there were more than a handful of people out of the combined 56,500 population of Lancaster County and Chester and Fort Mill Townships who had not had some contact with Project TAP.

There are so many people and organizations to thank for making Project TAP the success it has been that I am somewhat loath to do it for fear of accidentally overlooking someone. However, it would be most unfair if I did not pay some acknowledgment to a number of individuals and organizations who made such substantial contributions.

I would like to express my gratitude and respect for the organizations whose belief in Project TAP was supported by their generous donations and contributions of funds and energy so that TAP could become a reality: the Elliott White Springs Foundation, the National Endowment for the Arts, the University of South Carolina, the South Carolina Arts Commission and the schools of Lancaster County and Chester and Fort Mill townships. Several of these organizations have illustrated their true confidence in the project by already pledging to refund TAP for the 1974-75 academic year.

Very special appreciation is due to J. H. Nesbitt, District Superintendent, Fort Mill Schools; John Wall, Lancaster County Superintendent; T. J. Bratton, Chester County Superintendent; James A. Wilson, Chester County Supervisor; Charles Bundy, President, the Elliott White Springs Foundation; Ellen Burgess of the Lancaster County School System for her personal commitment and expertise in coordinating school and community arts programs; Leroy Springs and Company Community Centers; the Lancaster Extension of the University of South Carolina, and the principals, In-School Coordinators, teachers, staff and students who opened their schools and their hearts to us; to the people of the TAP communities who made TAP a community as well as a school project by their active participation and their often expressed appreciation for our efforts.

Very special appreciation is due to our Project TAP staff: Joyce Huey, who devoted her many talents and many hours to its implementation and administration; Beverly Beckwith, who joined the project mid-stream but very quickly became a valuable member of the TAP team, and both of whom served as working editors of the TAP book; Dr. Donald Hoffman for his undaunted enthusiasm and imaginative guidance; Dr. Michael Day for his keen insight and perception in the evaluation of TAP.

A special note of appreciation to Walter Griffin and Gary Ligi for their selection of the poetry contained in this book; to traveling craftsman, George McCauley, musician-in-residence Richard Phillips, and environmentalist Tommy Scott Young, not only for their talents and direct contributions to the program but also for serving as "goodwill ambassadors" for the arts in the TAP area; to all the teachers who collected letters, comments and art work and made it available to us; to all the artists without whose talents Project TAP would have been impossible; to Mary Jo Masters for the use of her letter in the introductory pages of the anthology; to Don McMillen and Patrick Crawford for their photography; to the members of the South Carolina Arts Commission for their vision in allowing us to attempt this experimental project; to each member, professional and clerical, of the South Carolina Arts Commission who worked to make the project work; and finally the most sincere appreciation to Bob Rowland and Karl Allison for their imaginative promotion materials and the thousands of words they wrote about TAP in releases and stories to spread the word of TAP and its availability.

And finally to any and all who I may have accidentally overlooked or neglected to mention, my apologies for the oversight and my sincere appreciation for what you may have contributed towards making Project TAP a valid and challenging experiment.

To all of you we dedicate this publication.

Scott Sanders
Director, Arts-in-Education Division



The sky — A giant sea above us
The clouds — Great paper plates floating in the sky.
My blood — Red leaves falling on an autumn day.
His head — an egg.
Lightning — A great banana shooting across the sky
A tree — A great piece of grass sprouting up to the sky.
Cats — Shrunken lions
Emerald — A cut off piece of a green chalkboard.

Mel Misenheiner
Grade 4
College Street Elementary

Lizards! That's not very nice.
Spiders! Will you please stop!
Creepy things! If you don't stop
I'll get my brother after you.
What will your brother do about it?
I don't know, but you keep on you'll see.
It's fun. Well, OK. Crawly, creepy things!
I don't want to hear it.
Slimy, crawly, creepy things! Stop it,
Edgar. Green, slimy, crawly, creepy things!
You're frightening me,
Edgar — Ed-gar! Green, slimy,
Crawly, creepy things with beady eyes
And fangy teeth. Oh, I can't stand it.
And thorny legs! Yilk. Lots and lots
And lots of thorny legs. Oh, please stop
Edgar darling stop.
The monsters, terrible monsters,
Are coming! Do you hear me? Ooooooh!
They are crawling out of caves,
Rising from the sea, dropping from the sky—
Monsters! Monsters!
We are surrounded!
You are so scary Edgar.
Eve, it's time to come in now,
Dear. Oh! Oh! I have to go.
This is fun. Let's do it again Tomorrow, Grrrr!
Eve was the one
That was scared
And Edgar the one
That said the creepy things.

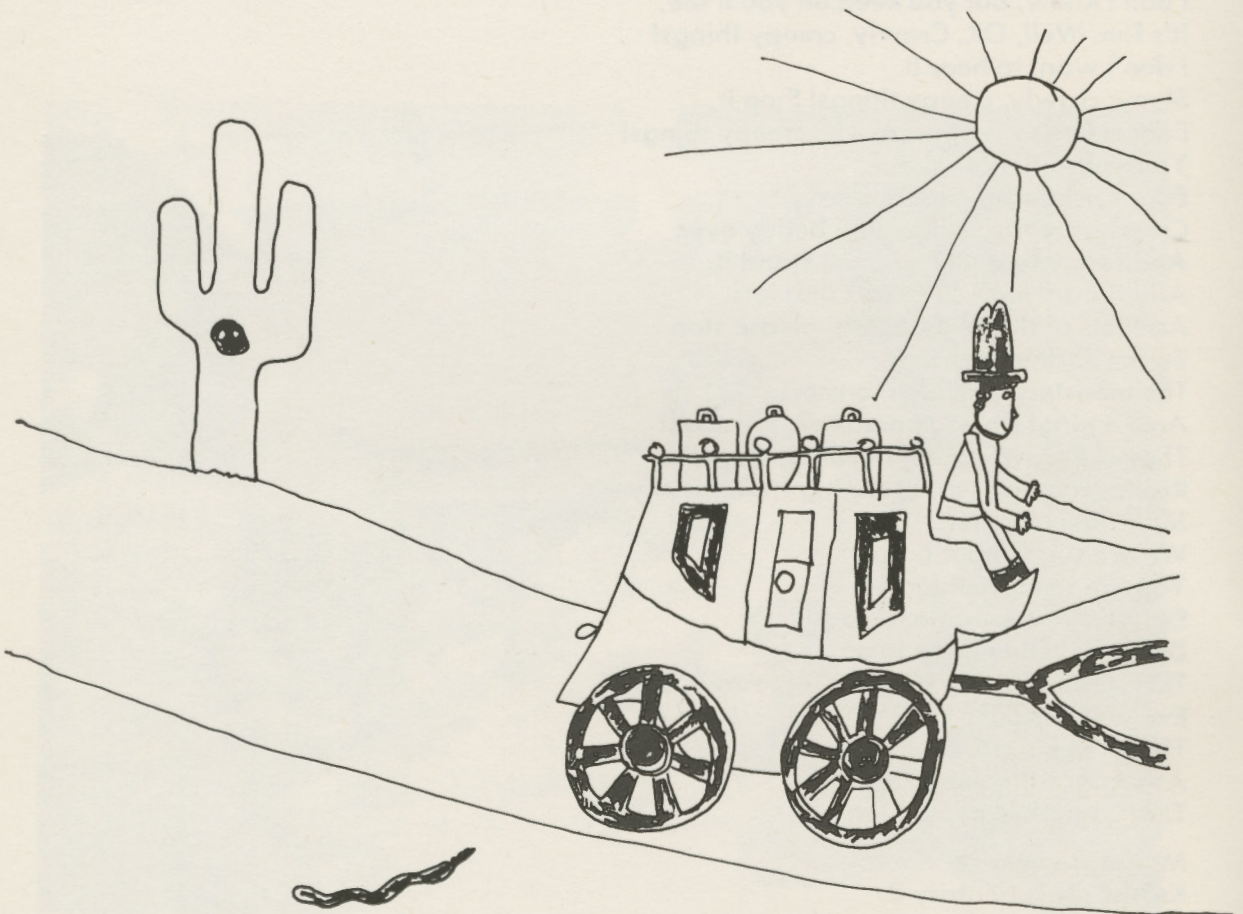
Mandy Brewer
Kershaw Elementary 2

You know it's pretty hard being a joke.
I mean how would you feel
if you were processed so many times
and put into books
and then after you go through all that
everyone laughs at you.
I don't really know why they're laughing.
I don't look that funny
and I'm a terrible joke.
I don't know if I can take it.
After one person reads me it spreads
and people keep talking and talking
about me. I never did like
people talking about me.

Lisa Melton
Flat Creek School

Grass is yarn
Fingers are little men
String is like noodles
My eyes are cameras
a watch is a clock.
The world is a ball.

Terri Allen
Grade 5
Fort Lawn Elementary



TO BE A BASEBALL

You would be hit or get caught
every time you turn around
you would get hit hard
and sometimes soft
but most of the time
you would get hit hard
you would get all muddy and sometimes lost
but when you get lost
you would probably be happier
than ever before

Paula
Clinton Elementary

Mike is the
coolest dude around,
he's fat and skinny
but he has black power
soul and together he
carries a bomb around
but never combs his
head they call him
bull down fat black.

Anthony Foster
Chester

COMPARISONS

A frog is like a bowl of warts.
A rat is like a coconut with fur on it.
A turtle is like a molded pancake.
A zebra is like a white and black desk.
A giraffe is like a long-necked squash
With two eyes a nose and ears.
Stars are like white bubbles in the sky.

Class Collaboration
South Junior High

I used to climb our apple tree a lot
But now I am not interested in it so much.

I used to suck my thumb when I was little
But now I don't because Mom put hot stuff on it
And made me stop.

I used to have one day
But now I have two.

I used to believe in Santa Claus
But now I don't.

I used to have a German Shepherd dog
But now I don't because we sold him.

I used to take aspirin for headaches
But now I don't because I know
What they really do.

Anonymous
South Junior High



James Pritchard

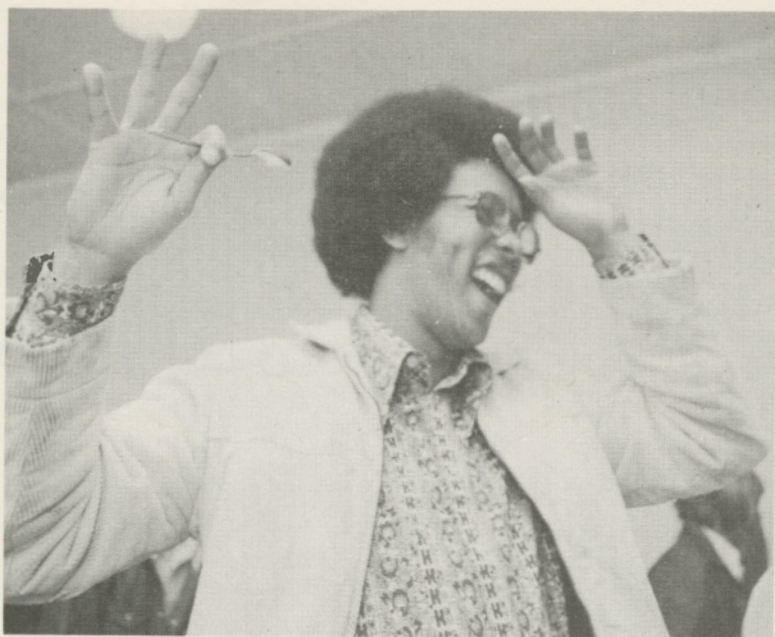
I've always been a good listener.
I listen as good as an ant.
I have a dog who can jump over my tree
And my tree is about thirty feet high.
My brother can shoot a 100 barrel shotgun.
I climbed a tree one day
and met a giant.
My sister's hair is as long as her feet.
A star is about 30 feet away.
I have a magic marker that can write
More than a thousand colors.
I've seen a leaf
As black as soot.

Donnie Cauthen
McDonald Green

I enjoyed Mr. Pritchard
and Mrs. Barroll. I like
the high sound of the flute,
and the low sound of
the saxophone. I can't
wait until the whole orchestra
comes.

Sandy Cooper
Grade 5





Tommy Young

Project TAP has chaged my
whole school year. They have sent
many different kinds of people to
do many different kinds of things.
I'am glad that my school is
one of three school districts to
have this program.

Rusty Sullivan
4th Grade

He was a cool, cool, cool, dude. He put
a lot into his work. I liked him very much.

Eddie
Moss

The frost spread a carpet in the night,
Freezing each grass blade separately.
But yet, tonight, there is an explosion
of stars around the moon.
Painted milky way, whiter than snow.

Beth Helms
Grade 6
Riverview Elementary

THE BIRD

If I were a bird I would fly
to the other side of the world.
I would never come back.
And I would land on a person's head.
And I would make a nest on the person's head.
Then I would lay some eggs
In the nest.

Jeffrey Stewart
Dobson Elementary

THE CLOCK

Have you ever seen a clock?
Look out in the hall,
There is a clock on the wall.
It is ticking away,
At everybody all day.
It has two hands,
And a slow second hand.

Gary Peagler
David Funderburk

ALGAE

Algae is slimy
Algae is grass
Algae feels yucky
going through your
toes.

Elizabeth Robeson
Grade 6
College Street Elementary

DOSE OF COUGH MIXTURE

Up to my lips
over my gums
look out stomach
here it comes.

Kathy Phillips
Grade 5
A. O. Jones Elementary

My eyelashes are like window shades.
My eyes are like a marble with a black dot.
His teeth are like white horses.
Her shoes are like her head.
The sun is like a ball of flame.
Her hair is like pieces of string.
Her lunchbox is like a cabinet.
My stomach is like a refrigerator.
My heart is like someone beating on a door.
His belt is like a pocket book strap.
He looks like a watermelon.

Gwen Brown
Grade 5
Lewisville Elementary

GROUP POEM

The sky is breathing.
The trees are waving
The sun is purple
The star is purple
The cowboy is dead
The season is dead
The grass is needle thick
and not sharp..

Larry Fudge
Grade 4

Beth Campbell
Grade 4

Billy McWaters
Grade 4

Helen Mobby
Grade 5

Lewisville Elementary

I used to be an elephant
but now I am an ant
living on a hill
in the ground.

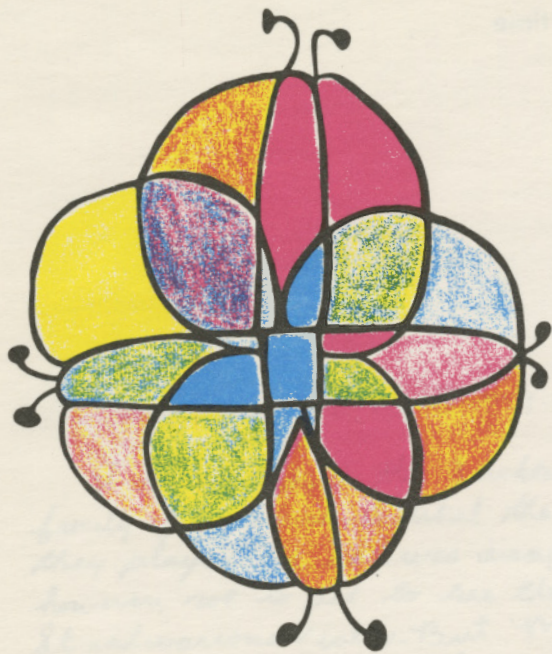
Sometimes I come up.

Jimmy
Southside Elementary
Lancaster

A TREE

A tree is free
as anything
that blows
in the wind.

Alma Gladden



MOON

the moon is lovely
in the night when
the trees are black
as a pencil point
and the clouds so high.

Greg Allen
North Junior High



Peace is like a deserted island.
Action is two things going on at the same time
like a football game when one
player is trying to curse a referee out
while another is beating
on the other team's coach. He does this
because his team has lost.
He got very mad and disgusted
but all of a sudden he got happy
because he bought a lollypop.
It tasted sour.
His face crumpled.

Fold Poem Collaboration
South Junior High

MY SCHOOL

My school is like a sour lemon,
and sometimes it is as dark as a hollow tree,
or a headache without pain,
a warm puppy,
it may be like a sizzling juicy steak,
or a madhouse full of creeps,
yet better than that
a dance hall full of ice capades.

Steve Gamble
Indian Land

One day I woke up as an Eskimo Pie
and melted.

Lisa Christmas
Indian Land

My heart is the earth.
My eyes are car tires.
My nose is a big red apple
on a big funny looking tree.
My sister's head is a big red berry.
My mouth is a jail house.
My brother is a big black monster.
My feet are ships.

John David H
Grade 5
Fort Lawn Elementary

The Lucktenburg Family

I really enjoyed the Lucktenburg family of musicians. I liked the music they played for us. I was disappointed, however, not to get to see the famous Stradivarius violin. But Mrs. Lucktenburg explained why it was missing from the program; it was in a musical instrument hospital for a check-up!

Mary Southam

The Luktenburgs



A periwinkle
is a creeping
evergreen plant
with blue flowers.

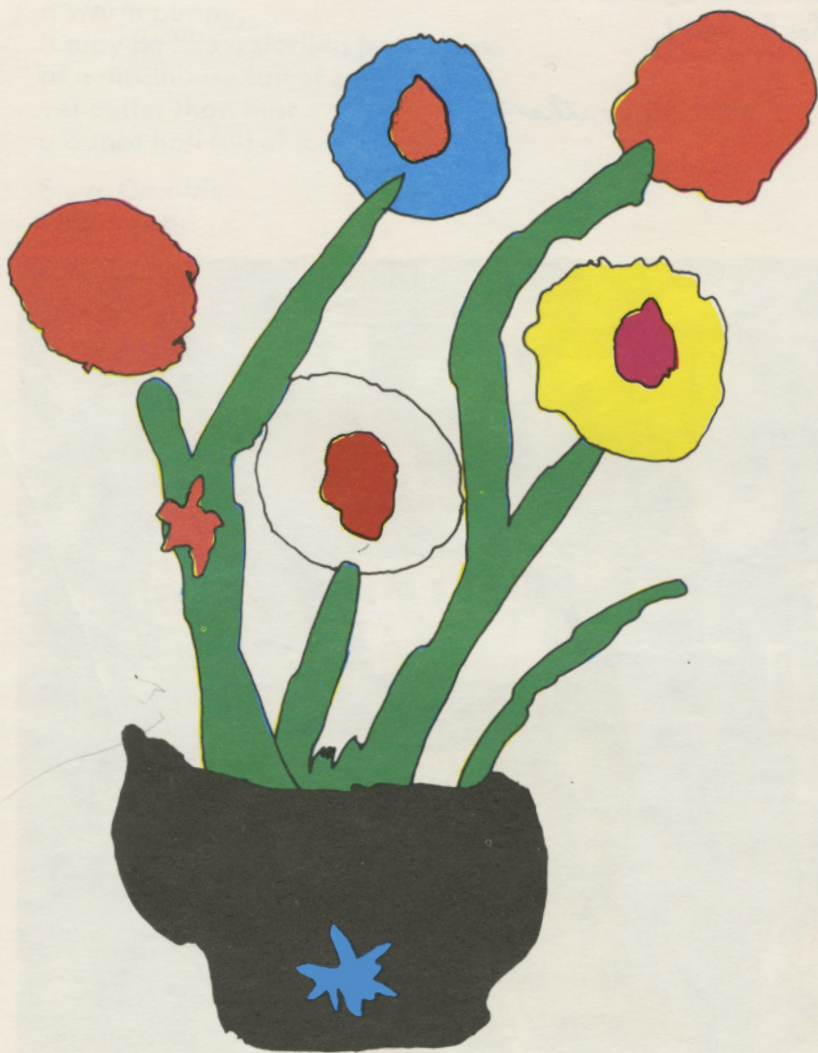
It creeps around
all night but I
wonder if it really
ever feels blue.

Donna Marie Champion
Kershaw Elementary 2

Santa Claus is fat.
Merry Christmas.
Santa Claus is good.
He brings toys.
Last year he brought me a drum set.
I want a talki-walki.
Santa Claus bring me a pencil.

I go to school to learn the ABC's
learn how to read and write and draw.
When I grow up I want to be a cop.
I want to go to college.
You got to go to college to be a good cop.
School is like a door.

James
Southside Elementary
Lancaster



Periwinkle is a little fat pig
over in a pile of mud.

Psuedopod is when everybody is talking
and Mrs. Mickle says: "Class!
Class! Shut up please.
Thank you."

Adipose is when a little bird
is flying around saying
"Help! Help!"
and nothing is the matter.

Zygote, oh I don't know
how a zygote looks
but I bet it looks like Denise.

Arachnid is a little bug
who goes around on the ground saying
"Hello, goodbye"
over and over again.

Bombylious is like a little man
from Pluto saying
"What's new in this old world?"

Wanda
Kershaw Elementary 2

A WONDERFUL THING

I seen something wonderful to me.
Its beautiful like the Christmas day.
One day in my back yard.
It changed into a toyland.
Balls, dolls, football suits.
Even little toy flutes.
Then it disappeared.
It was just like a dream.

Anonymous





I dreamed I was a princess
And I always made a mess
Once I thought I could be a
success
But all my best clothes are not
chiffon but permanent press.

Terry Dixon
Grade 7
Fort Mill Junior High

Project Tap

I have enjoyed the people that have already come to our school. Each one was new and exciting to me. The thing I like best is that each one was different than the others.

I think I liked the film-making best I have made 3 animated cartoons. I have entered one in the Ecology fair.

Julie Briffin
Grade 6

I think that Project TAP has done a lot to entertain us at Riverview. Some of the people that came to Riverview, come from Boston, Georgia just to entertain us. The musicians were sensational, The potter was good too. I have never made a pot before. A Photographer came named Susan. She helped us make film and box camras. I hope the Project TAP will again next year.

Lou Ann Sitten
4th Grade

LIGHT-SHADOW

The day is part of the light
Which brings you to life
After the moonlight of the night.

The night is part of the shadow
That takes you back to know life
Before the moonlight of the night.

Brenda Osborne
Fort Mill Junior

MY MOTHER AND DADDY

My mothers name is Betty.
She hates my daddy.
When they go to bed
Mother wishes she were dead.
When daddy gets up mother
has breakfast ready.
That's when daddy wishes
he hadn't married Betty.
But one of these days
Betty and Daddy will
like each other.
But one of these days
somebody will find
out what went on
with Betty and daddy.

Anonymous

THE FIT

I'm so mad at you
I'm gonna put you in a Hefty
bag full of wet bread
crumbs and shake & bake
you to death.

Jeffrey Bradley
Kershaw Middle School

MY DAD

My dad is pretty
tall and cute at that
he's got a moustache
that looks like a
half of a moon.
And long hair
as black as night
His toenails are
as thick as a
pear. That's my
dad.

Teresa Miner
North Junior High


I dreamed I was a star,
I dreamed I was the best.
My fingers danced upon the keyboard
My feet stepped upon the pedals
My heart was filled with joy
My music was good for me.

Pam Jordan
Lewisville Middle School

MY FUTURE HOME

My father said we are not
going to move again; he said he was
going to buy some land and build
his own house. He might not even
do that; if he doesn't we will not
have another house again.

Tim Gibson
Grade 4



I would like to be tall
I don't like having to stand in a chair
Whenever I have
To do high stuff

Ray Adams
Buford Elementary

One time I was walking
and I saw a girl
and we was fixing to kiss
and we almost was fixing to
and my mother woke me up
and I about died.

Myron Stroud
Southside Elementary
Lancaster

LICORICE

Licorice is terrible
Licorice is good.
Everybody hates me.
Because I eat bugs.

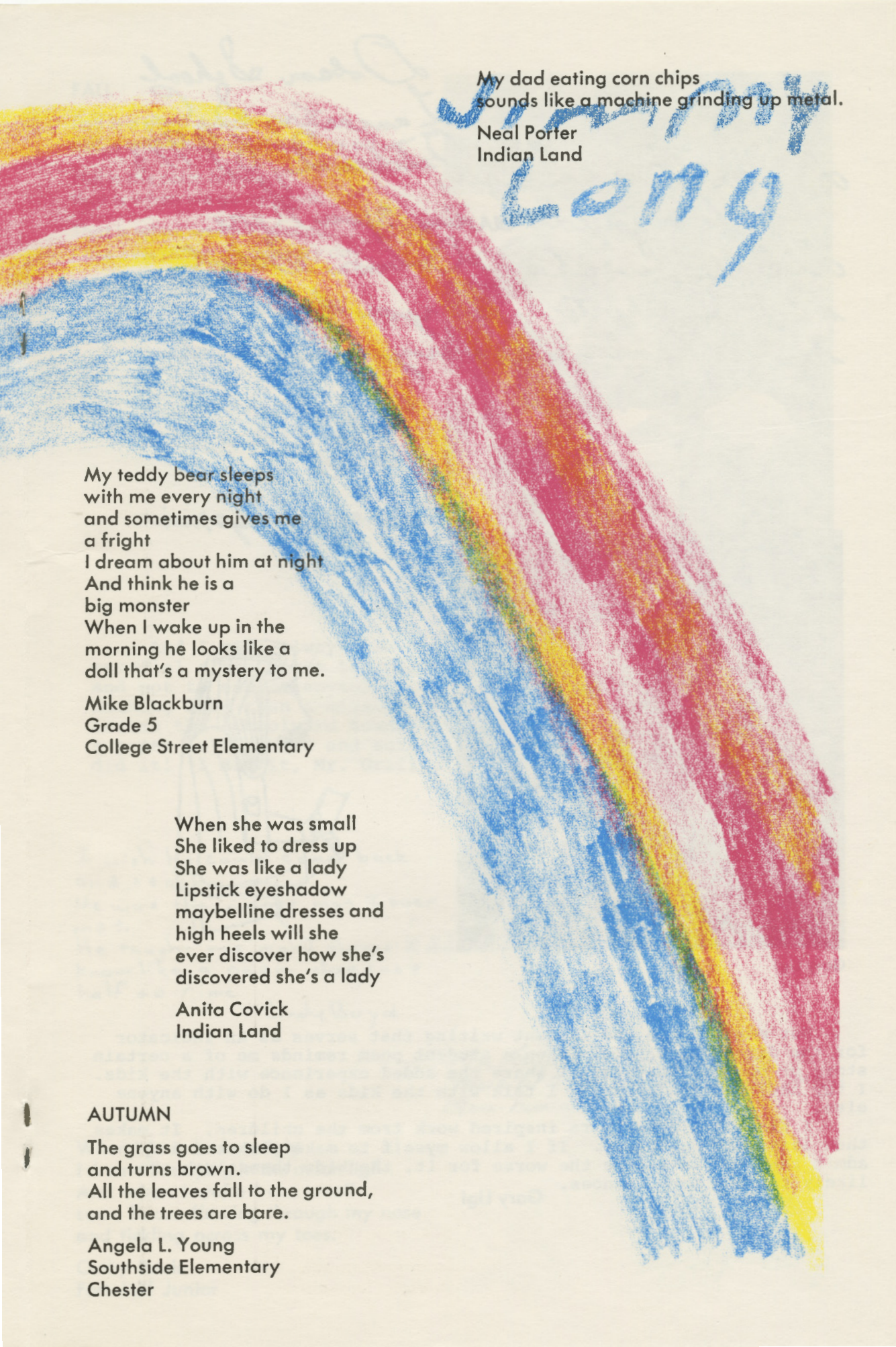
Celeste Hough
College Street Elementary

I LIKE TO BE A FLOWER

I like to be a flower because I got
real good juice that the bees like
and you ain't got no juice
for the bees.

My flower is a very good friend of bees.
Bees sting other things.

Tammy Hammond
Dobson Elementary



My dad eating corn chips
sounds like a machine grinding up metal.

Neal Porter
Indian Land

My teddy bear sleeps
with me every night
and sometimes gives me
a fright
I dream about him at night
And think he is a
big monster
When I wake up in the
morning he looks like a
doll that's a mystery to me.

Mike Blackburn
Grade 5
College Street Elementary

When she was small
She liked to dress up
She was like a lady
Lipstick eyeshadow
maybelline dresses and
high heels will she
ever discover how she's
discovered she's a lady

Anita Covick
Indian Land

AUTUMN

The grass goes to sleep
and turns brown.
All the leaves fall to the ground,
and the trees are bare.

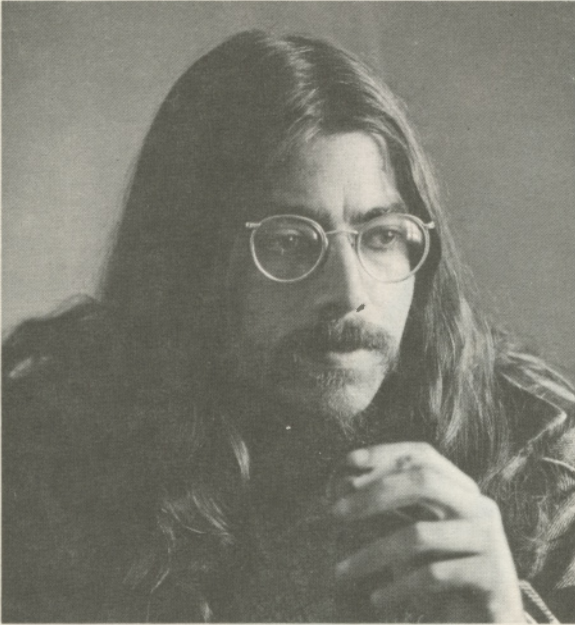
Angela L. Young
Southside Elementary
Chester

Dobson School
Lancaster, S.C.
October 2, 6, 1973

Dear Mr. Legu,

We enjoyed having you here
all this week at Dobson School
we would like to have you here more
here thank you very very much.

Yours
truly
Joy Shipman.



Gary Ligi



...But mostly it's the student writing that serves as an indicator for the direction I take. When a student poem reminds me of a certain story or poem or whatever, I share the added experience with the kids. I try never to condescend. I talk with the kids as I do with anyone else.

I find this draws more inspired work from the children. It makes them less self-conscious. If I allow myself to make mistakes and admit them and seem none the worse for it, the kids themselves are likely to take more chances.

Gary Ligi

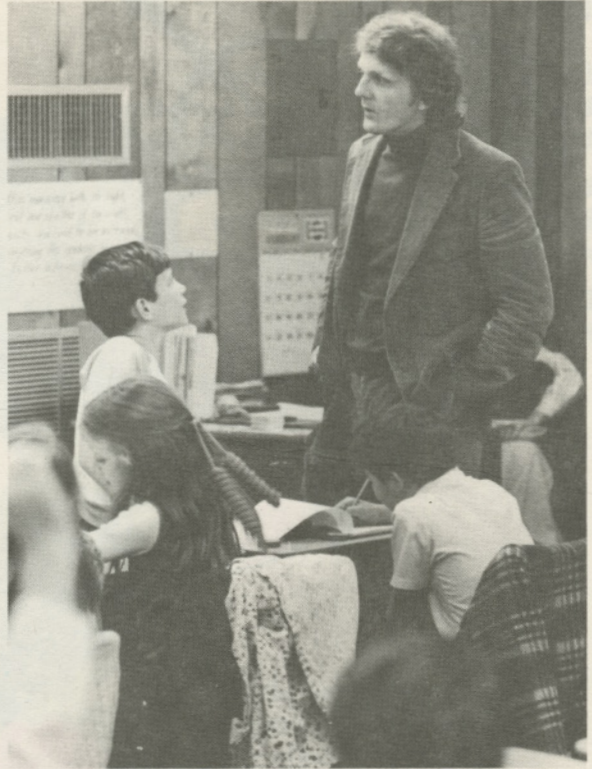
FALL

Fall is a good season,
fall is when we haul the leaves off.

Fall is the color brown,
that is when we go up town.

That is when we look around,
I like everything on this very day.

Deborah Caldwell
Grade 5
College Street Elementary



Walter Griffin

... And I will always remember the little fifth grader in a remedial class whose teacher warned me that he was very "slow" and not to expect anything out of him and that it would be nothing less than a miracle if he wrote a poem, who came running across the schoolyard toward me at recess clutching and waving a paper in his hand and screaming every step of the way, "I did it! I did it, Mr. Griffin! I made a poem!"

Walter Griffin

I wish he could come back
and teach us more.
He was the nicest man I ever
met.
He taught me many things I didn't
know like a poem does not
half to rime

Cindy Boyd

*Mr. Griffin is a beautiful person. He
has a lot to offer people. I love his poetry.
Give him a raise.*

When I go to bed at night
I dream I'm dying in the moon light.
And when I wake I can smell
some bacon flowing through my nose
and tickling across my toes.

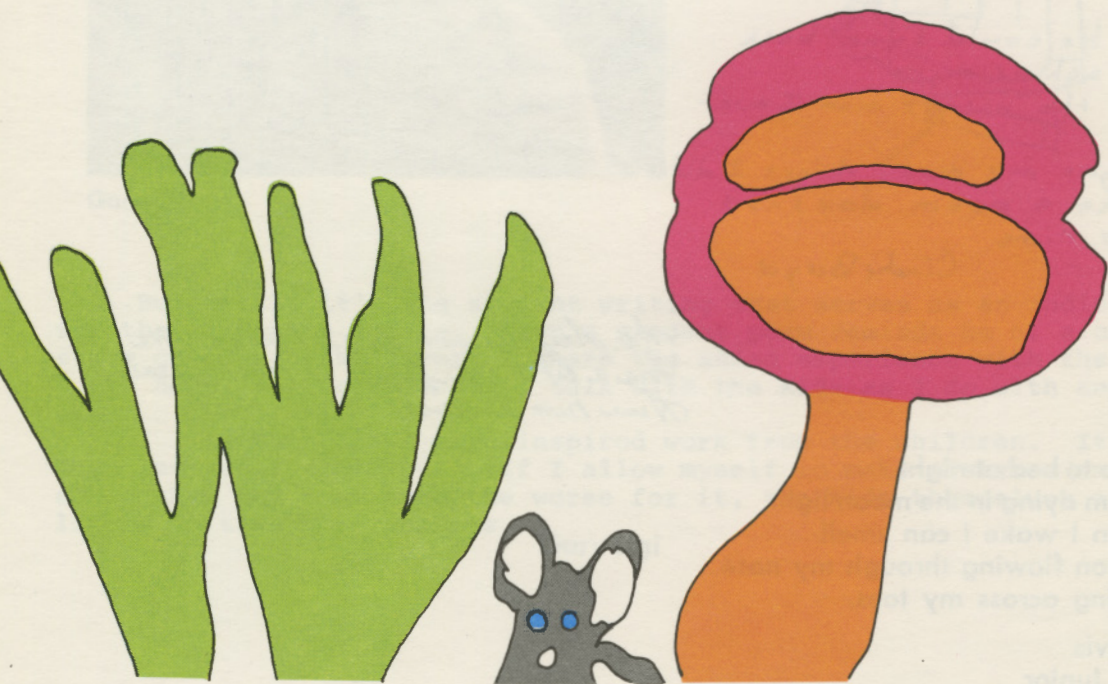
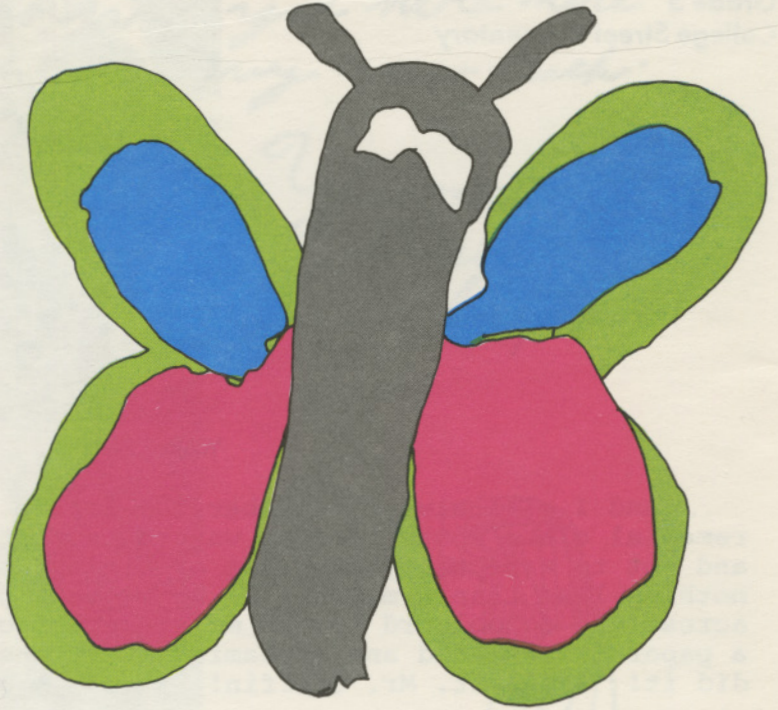
Cathy Revis
Fort Mill Junior

LOVE

Love is having someone close
Love is a puff of snow that sometimes glows
Love is a person and I love people

Love is having a pet
But most of all love is getting
my brother out of the house.

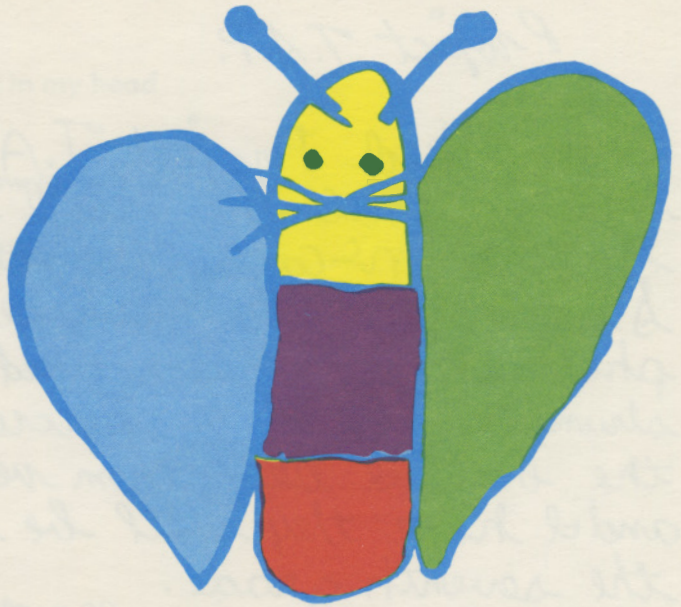
Dana Catoe
Kershaw Elementary 2



SPRING

Spring is like the beginning
of the world, with flowers
opening up, and fresh green
leaves on trees.

Elizabeth Wilkes
Grade 6
College Street Elementary



I get up at about 6:30.
I go to wake my brother up
And he goes in the hall and falls down.
I go to get some water
And put it on his face.
And then he starts to crying.
And then we eat our breakfast,
And then we put on our clothes,
And then we walk down to the road
To wait on the bus
And freeze to death.

Todd Catoe
Kershaw Elementary 2

I wish I could be the wind
Howling through the trees
Letting my mind spill out over
Everything and blow away.
My body'd blow over the ocean
And flow through a ship's sails.
I'd blow up to the sky
And through the clouds
And slowly die away.

Laura Hubbard
North Junior High

I had a good time making
poems and talking with
Walter. I wrote poems
about cars, football,
girls and ect. I had a good
time with Walter

Marty

Project T.A.P.

I liked Project T.A.P. very much. Of all the ones, I like George McCauley (the Potter) and Susan (the movie) person and photographer.) I also liked the instruments, I liked the percussion the best. I liked them very much and I hope they will be back for the seventh grade.

Cindy Kelly
Riverview School

HOW I WOULD GET TO THE MOON

I would ask my brother
to knock me to the moon.
Because every time I touch him
he starts picking on me.
And then I tell daddy
and he spans my brother.
When daddy is gone to the store
My brother knocks me to the moon.
And I stay on the moon
till somebody comes and gets me.

Jo Ann
Clinton Elementary

I love to hear
the sounds of
the whispering
winds that blow
softly through
the trees.

and we wouldn't
have honey if
it wasn't for
the bees

and with the
snow that
lies softly
on the ground
who would
even think
the snow
flakes were
around.

Pam Fletcher
Kershaw Elementary 2

STARS

Stars are beautiful; they are bright;
You can only see them at night.
Some people say they are made of eyes,
But I say they are made of chewing
gum wrappers.

Donnie Burris
Grade 5
Riverview Elementary

I used to believe little men lived in my head
and swept and kept it clean.
They kept control of me.
They told me what to do and how to do it
all the time.
They locked up all the bad things I did
in a safe.
They put the good ones
in a cardboard box.

Renee Criminger
Heath Springs Middle

WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO BE DEAD

When you are dead you will be sent down
in the ground
and will not be found.
People will be crying
and saying yeah she was a nice child
and only be lying.

Anonymous
South Junior High

*If it wasent for profit tap
the poter wontet of come,
or the photographeor
would'nt of came,
or the walnut .*

*Name Don Neil
grade 4th*



"I AM"

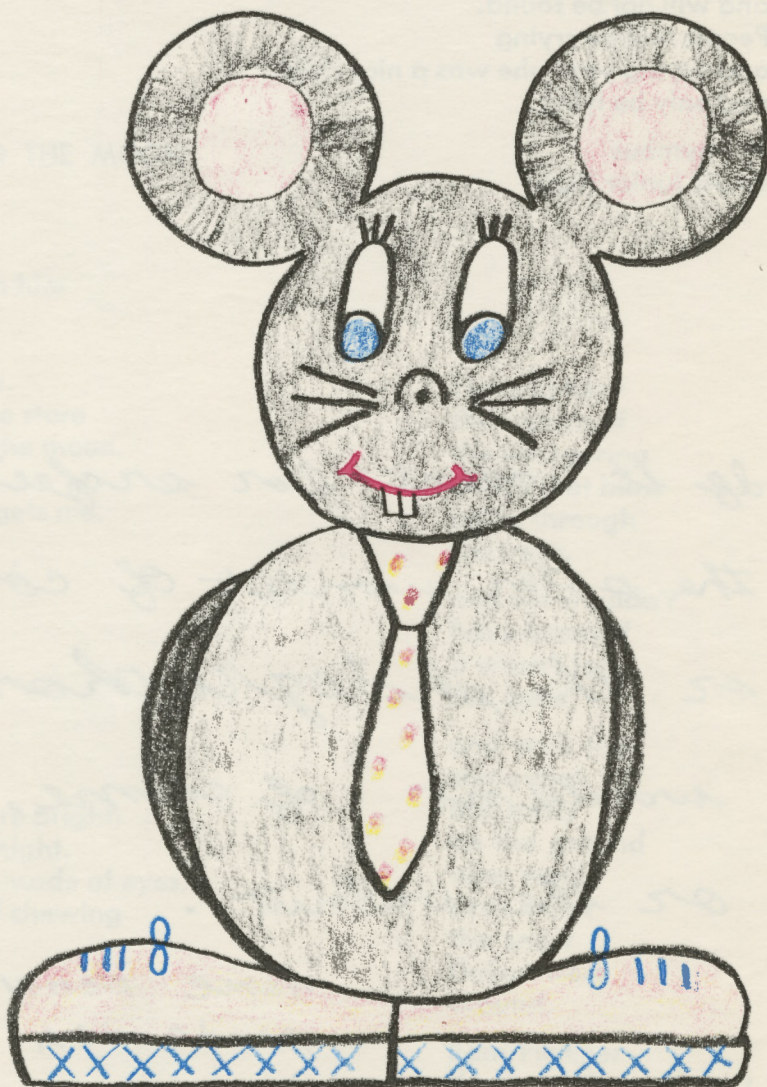
I am at school,
I am in my desk.

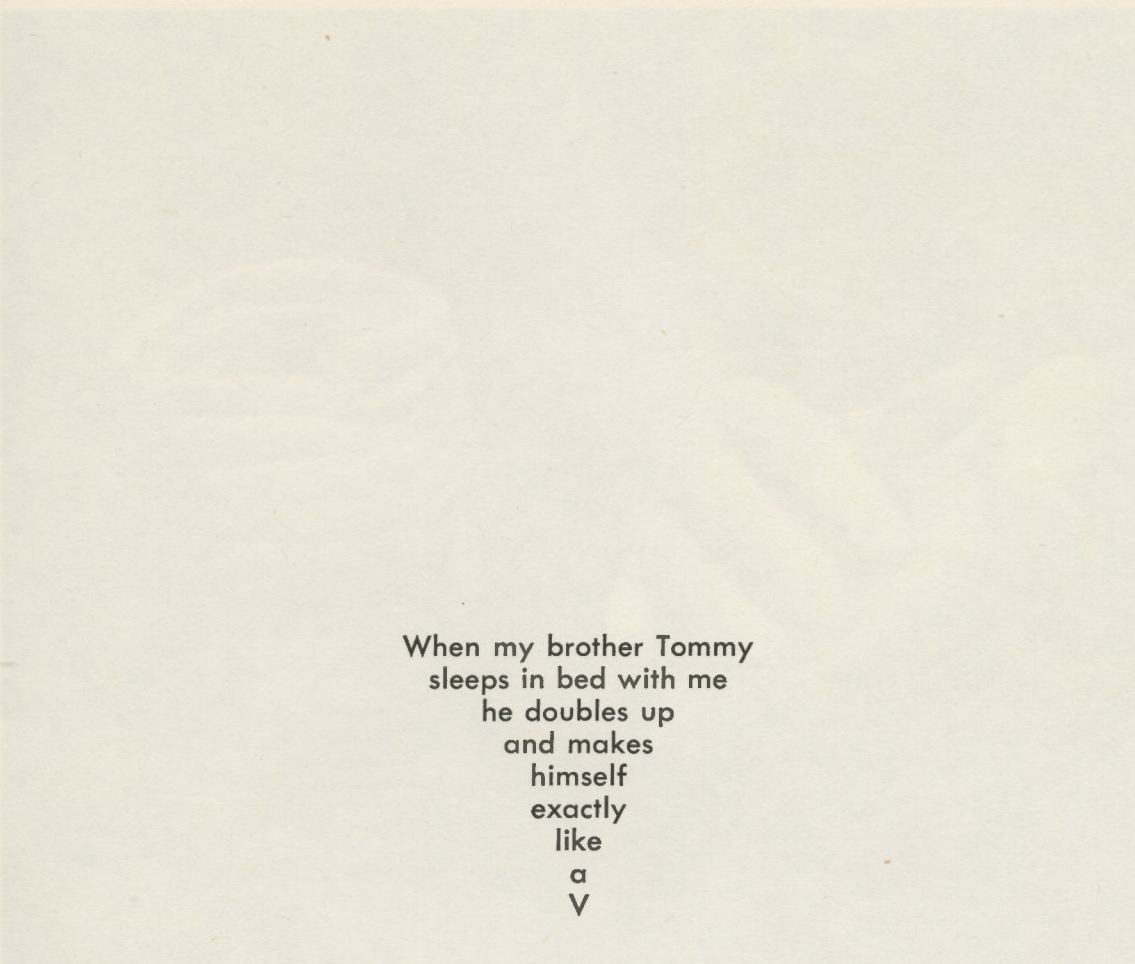
I am quiet as a mouse,
and never say a word.
I always stay in the house.

Deborah Caldwell
Grade 5
College Street Elementary

Silence is the hard road.

Marvin Cherry
Lewisville Middle School





When my brother Tommy
sleeps in bed with me
he doubles up
and makes
himself
exactly
like
a
V

Sherri Marie Noegel
Buford High School





Things I liked the most about Learning Pottery Making.

The thing I liked best about learning to make pottery is knowing that if I ever got lost and had live in the woods and have to live there for a long time I'll know how to make my day and pots.

IN THE NIGHT

In the night I saw a sight,
The sight was my daddy;
I asked him why he was
standing there;
He said "Grandpa died, it's
time to get up."

Sandy Cooper
Grade 5
Riverview Elementary

MY GRANDMA'S

One night we went to my grandma's.
Then she died and we were crying.
Then we went to the funeral.
Then we went to see her and she opened her eyes.
She got out of the coffin.
She killed all the people.

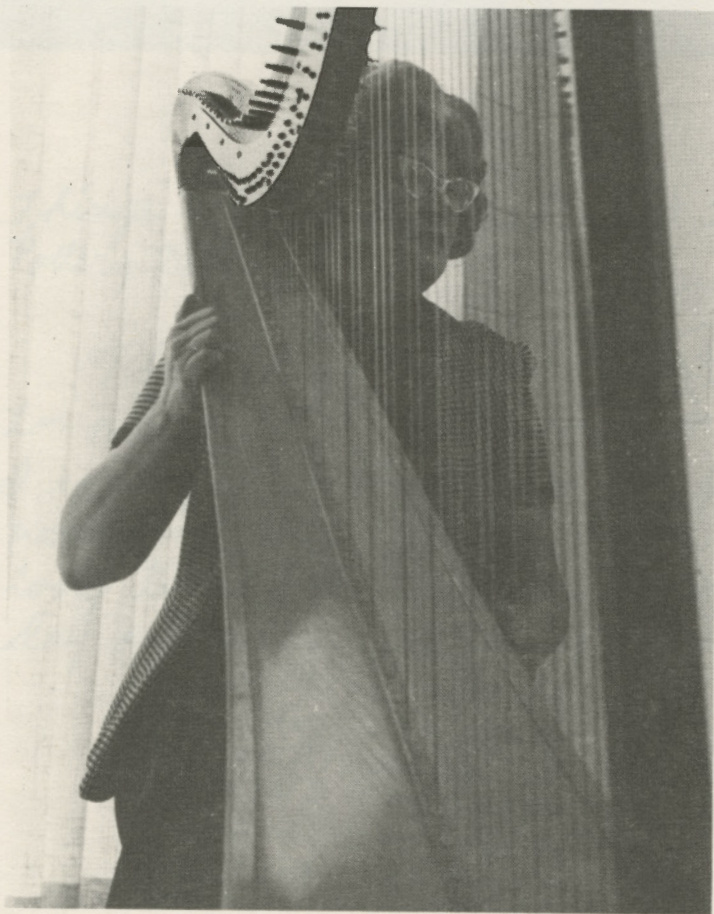
Anonymous
Kershaw Elementary 2



In this world so
many are looking
for answers and
they don't even
know God is the
the place to start

Our Concert With the Harp.
Our concert today was so pretty
and good that I wished I had taped
it. I wish you could come back
next year to my school next year
because I want be at Southside.
I liked it so well that I wished
it hadn't happened yet ~~and tomorrow~~
was today and we could hear it
over and over and over again
and again. Mrs. Ziemba I want
to say again it was just
wonderful By: Debrah
Smith

Marifred Ziemba



SNOW

Snow is like fifty white pillows
Pounded together on the ground.
It is soft and not hard
But cold instead of warm.
Yet, you know Mr. Sun
Can't stand you to use that for play
and fun.

Robin Mongtomery
Grade 7
North Junior High

The man went to jail
but we still study about cells.

Mary Lee Johnson
Grade 4
Southside School
Lancaster

Once I had a dream that I was gonna bite
into a hamburger
and my mother woke me up.
I was mad all day.

Tony Ward
Southside Elementary
Lancaster

FISH

Fish are ice cold
in the winters.
But they are as old
as cool on earth.

Greg Allen
North Junior High

I just loved it the music. It sounded
like I was in heaven. I hope I can be a
harpist one day. I just love the music very,
very, very, much. It sounded like it was so deep
down. In my heart I felt the harp playing.
Dennis Lizzard.

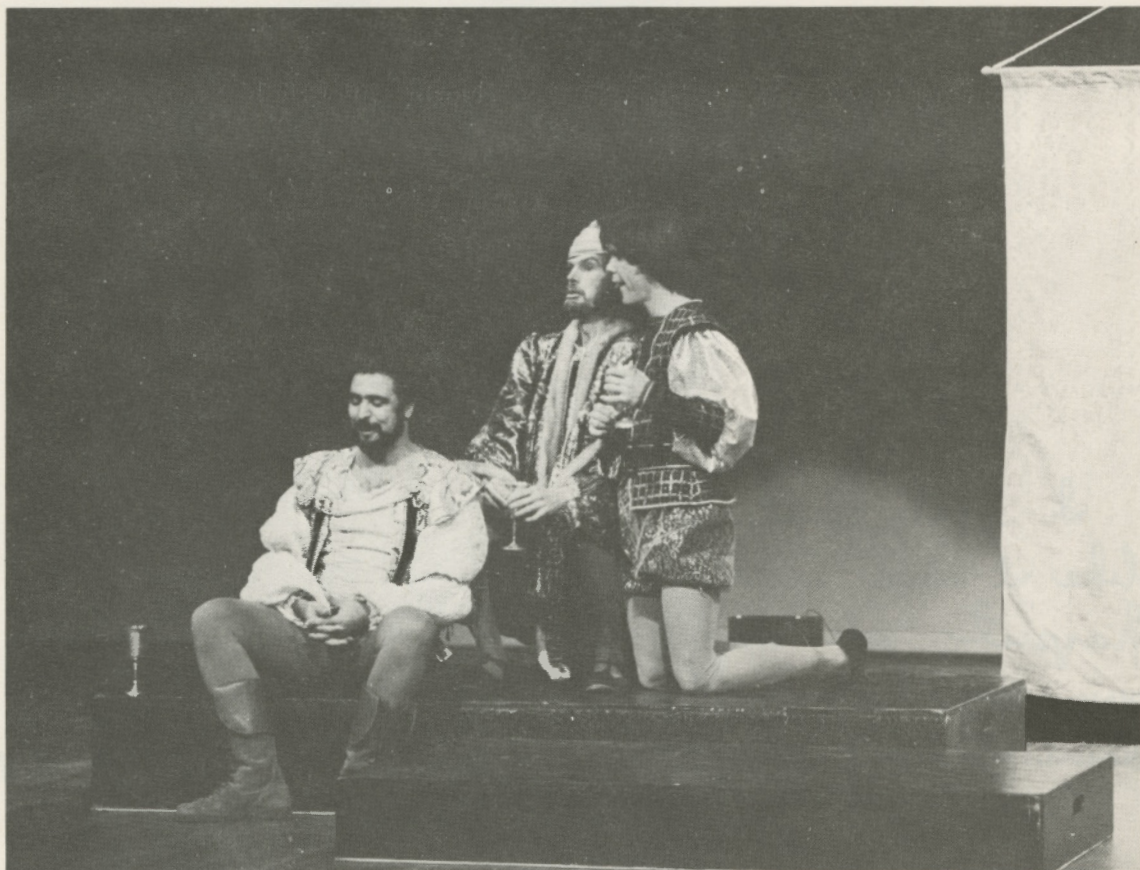


I the performance was great. Why?
 The way it was put together, the
 actors, the setting. Everything was
 just great. I wasn't feeling well
 that day and when I starting
 laughing I forgot all about
 my headache.
 Lewisville Middle School

Jane Crawley
 The Taming of the Shrew/SCORE

John Capodice
 Michael Fortner
 Peter Holland

The Taming of the Shrew/SCORE

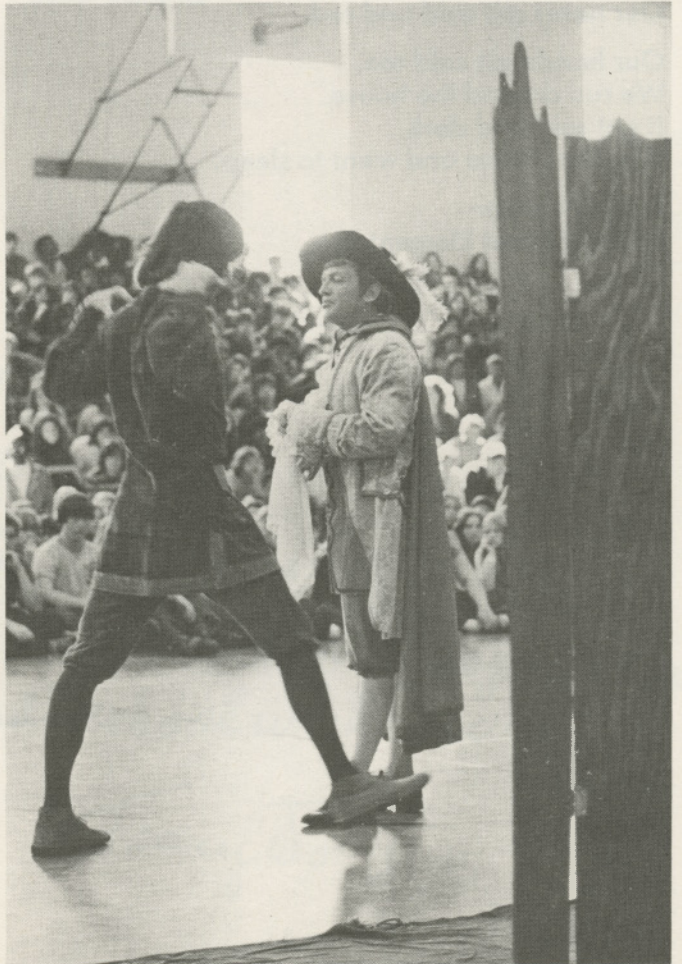


Score

It was very good. I liked it because it was for young people instead of grown ups. I liked it because people didn't just sit there and laugh all throu the show, they sat and listened. That hardly ever happens at our school.

Lewsville Middle School

The Flying Doctor/SCORE



PAPER

Paper is a place, where you express yourself.
It is a wonder-land of imagination,

or

It is a world of importance.

You can write on paper and it won't hurt any
one, because it is not like using harsh words.

I like paper so much, that writing on it
makes me feel secure.

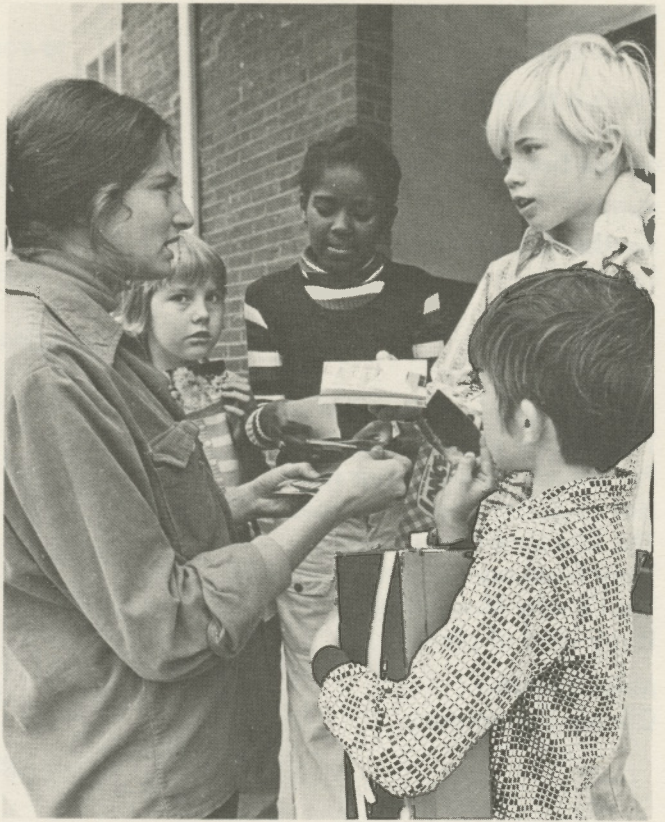
Yvette Spann
Grade 8
Chester Jr. High

THE WIND

The wind is fun to play in.
It is fun to run in the wind too
In our heavy winter coats.
Our noses get cold and red.

Our hands get cold too.
We run around the house.
It got cold and dark.
We went home and went to sleep.

Paula Peterson
College Street Elementary



Susan Meiselas

Project Tap

I like project Tap.
It is very interesting.
What I like best was Susan the
photographer. I think that project Tap
makes school and schoolwork more
interesting.

Tracy Tolly

I woke up and
I was a shoe

I was a fireman's shoe
I will go to a fire
on the fireman's foot.

Phillip
Southside Elementary
Lancaster

MacDonalds is my kind of place.
They serve you rattlesnakes,
Put french fries up your nose,
Hot dogs between your toes.
The last time I was there
They fried my underwear.
That's why MacDonalds
Is my kind of place.

Mike Sullivan
Clinton Elementary



When I get up in the morning
My alarm clock throws me in the shower
And turns the cold water on
And that makes me jump
Into my breakfast hole
While eating my fortified Gaine's Bits
My Ma comes out and says
Get into the apple
And let's go I go two inches per second
When I get moving comes a cop
Searching me with an automatic centipede
Then I get shot with a 22 hot rod
And that's the end

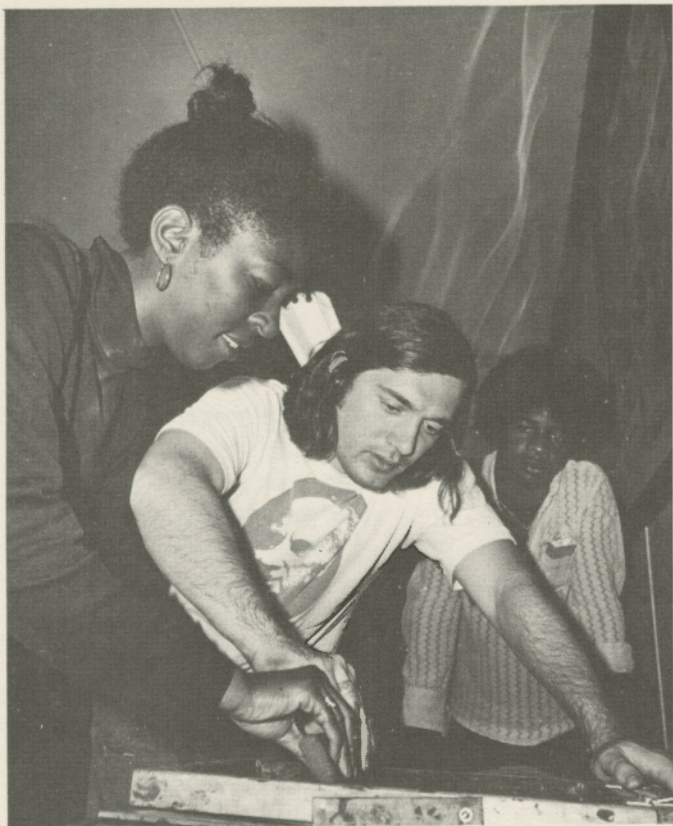
Anonymous
Buford Elementary

One time I thought my mother lived
in a tea bag
and one time she came out of the bag.
I asked her if she would live
in the house with me
and she said no she wouldn't.
She went back in the tea bag.

Hope Sistare
McDonald Green

When I get up in the morning
I feel like a meatball.
I sometimes eat grits.
I call them snow.
I go in my room and put on my clothes.
I put my shirt on wrong side out.
I put my pants on backwards.
I put my shoes on the wrong feet.
I go comb my teeth
Brush my face.
I wash my hair.
I go to school and meet Gina.
Gina and I play together.
When school is out
I go home and eat supper.
I take my bath and go to sleep
And when I go to sleep
I still feel like a meatball.

Susan Martin
Erwin Elementary



Bruce Millette

My hand is a spider.
My brain is a rock.
My eyes are glass.
My feet are fire.
My nose is a horn.
My ears are reminders.

Teresa Kay Whitaker
Fort Lawn Elementary

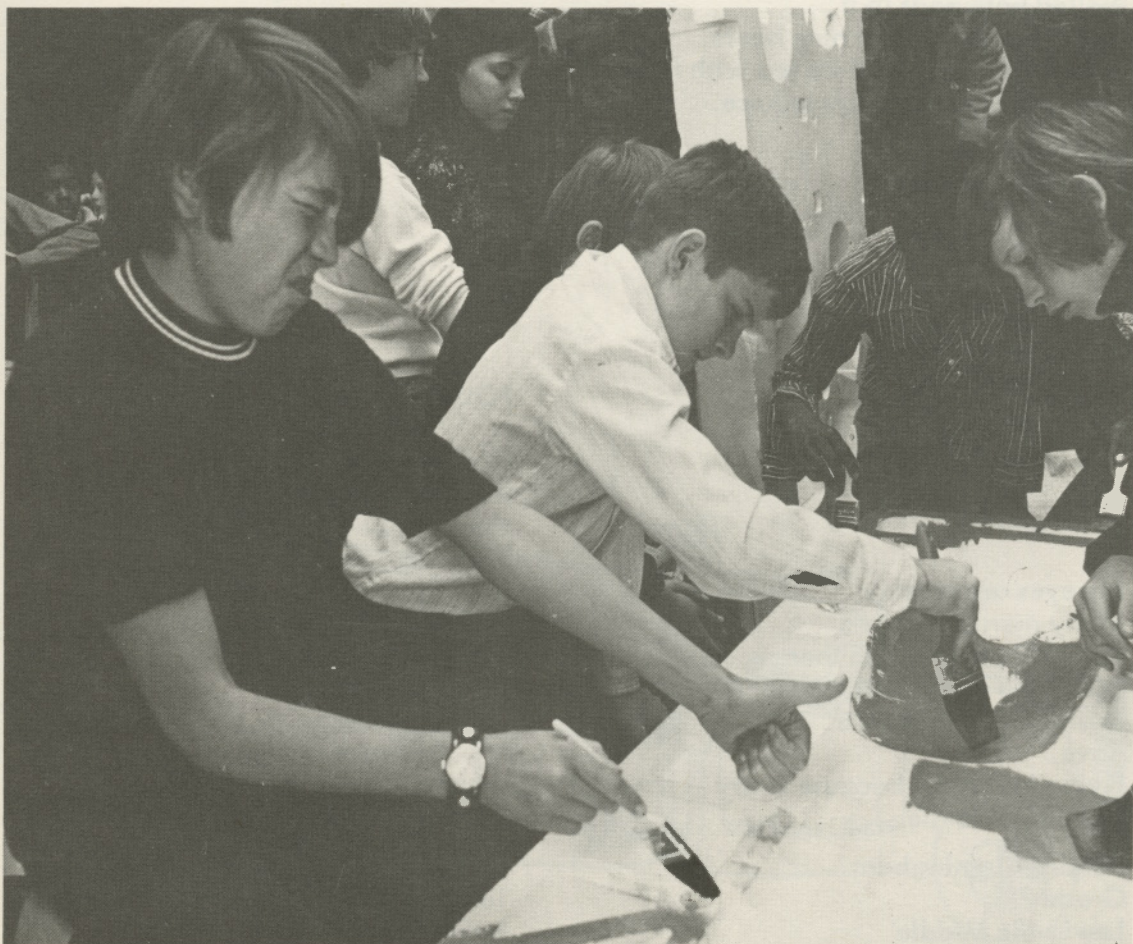
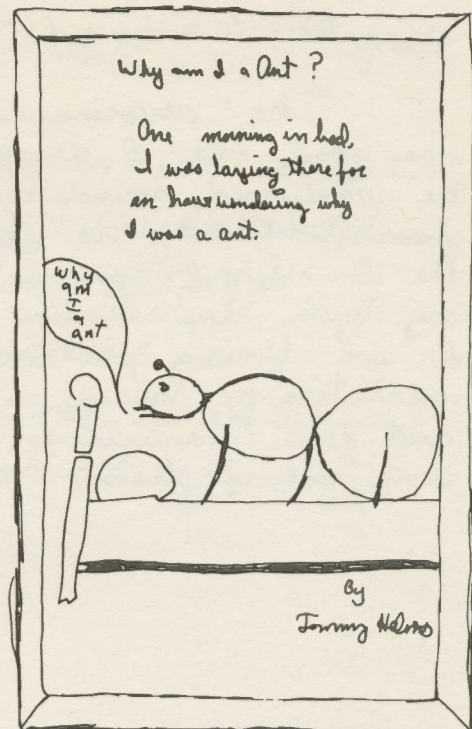
I am some grass.
And Gloria comes and eats me.
She comes and goes away.
I am green.

Theresa Cunningham
McDonald Green Elementary

THE PERSON IN MY DREAMS

The person in my dreams
He seems
To bring the spring in the
winter
And summer in the fall.
His hair is like silk
His gentle touch
He lends a hand when things
are rough
He gives me advice
And is very nice
But who is he?
I do not know
He comes in the winter and
melts with the snow.

Shari Rowson
Grade 6
Southside Elementary
Chester



A Woodwind Performance

The performance yesterday was good, but I discovered that the woodwind sounds are not my favorite! Thanks to "project tap" and the In-School concerts I am developing my own appreciation for music. I am being introduced to many varieties of music and to talented and fine musicians. Mr. Pritchard was one of these.

Phyllis Cribb
6th Grade

The beach is like a bowl of ice cream
melted with eggs in it
and it has set out for nine hours.
It feels like a glass of ice tea with lime
and smells like sunflower juice.

James Barber
Erwin Elementary

My eyes are crystal
Many men use pistols
They kill people with them
With love and charities and
Seamen of love and a
dove.
Flying in the sky because every
body's got to die.

Sandra Cunningham
Grade 7
Lewisville Middle

FOUND POEM

Oh! as I see
the Lancaster News Ads
the
wanting real estate ads
buying old car ads
selling illegal notices ads
even the help
wanted ads
I feel sad
because of the
wanting real estate ad
buying old car ad
selling illegal notices ad

Teresa Howle
Buford High School

Tommy Gnesser

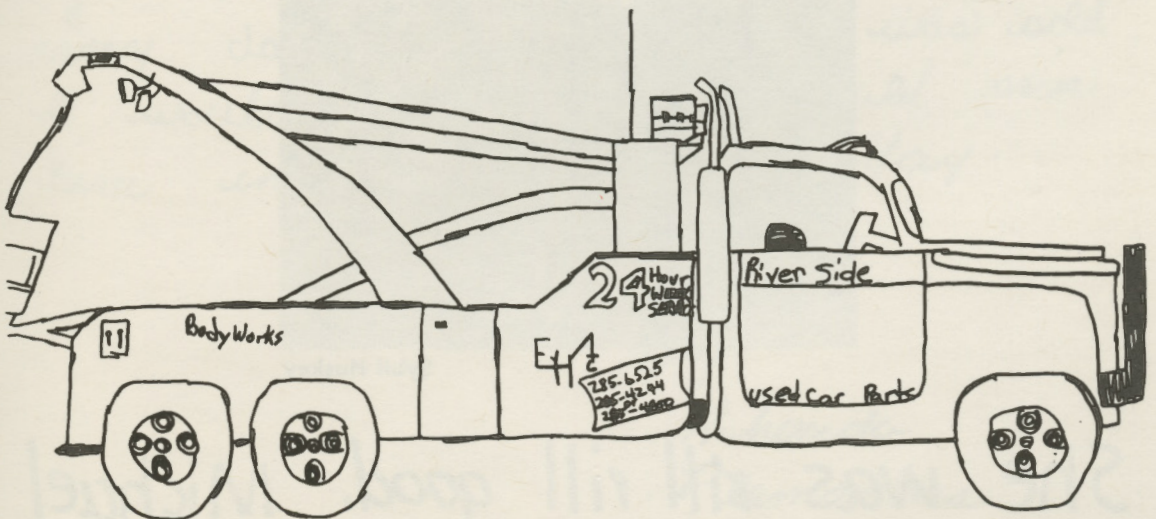
4th grade

I like being made in all shapes
and sizes, sometimes I'm a weight-watcher
when I'm a thin coil. I like getting my
back scratched when I scored, and
sometimes I get hot and hard when
I'm on the kiln, I sometimes get dizzy
on the potter's wheel,

ME

My temper is a hurricane
My feet are radial tires
My eyes are spotlights
My heart is a 455 engine
My mouth is a gas tank
My legs are shock absorbers
My nose is a hood
My ears are mufflers.

James Grant
Grade 5
Riverview Elementary



Essay - If I Were A Pot or Clay
"Well here I am, no where! Just sitting
in a dirty old plastic bag. You wait,
when they start to shape me into something,
I'm gonna make myself so stiff, that
no one will be able to mold me into
something.

I wish I could be a pot if someone
molded me easy, oh I should have listened
to my mother and became a part of a
little girl's mudd pies.



Beth Watts



Sybil Huskey

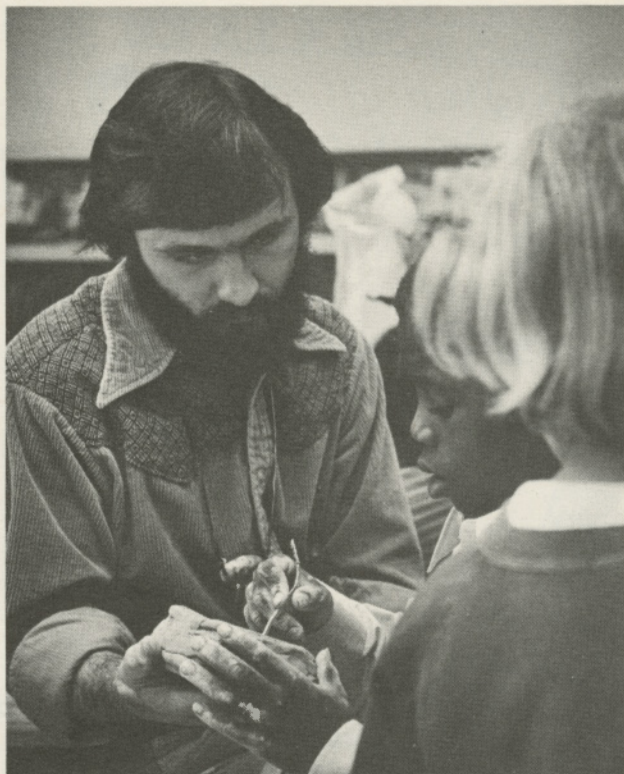
She was rill rill good. Michael

MY NAME

If I changed my name
I would change it so
no one would know
my name
and when
anyone called
I wouldn't answer.

Mark Blackmon

MacDonald Green



George McCauley

Teapot

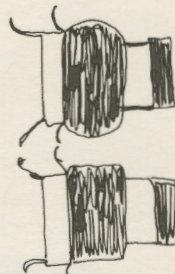
If I was a teapot made out of clay
by Mr. George I would wish to
have a smile on me. But not be
sold and I would like to be used
by him. I would like to see him
every day by him. If I was sold
I wouldn't feel good. I would miss
him in every way and day.

By:
Rhonda
Plemmons



At home I watch TV
but at school I turn on the blackboard
It's better than TV
I can watch anything at school
on my blackboard.

Janine Everidge
Indian Land Elementary



My eyes are like teacups
The earth is like a cottonball
My father's hands are like iron
Your legs are like candle sticks
My feet are like lead
The school is like a time bomb
Trees are like dying flowers.

Nathan Cherry
Grade 8
Lewisville Middle School

INTERCHANGEABLE PARTS

If I had one wish I would save it
to give to a friend.
I'd change this friend
into a purple flower.

I'd say
my flower's name
was Joyce

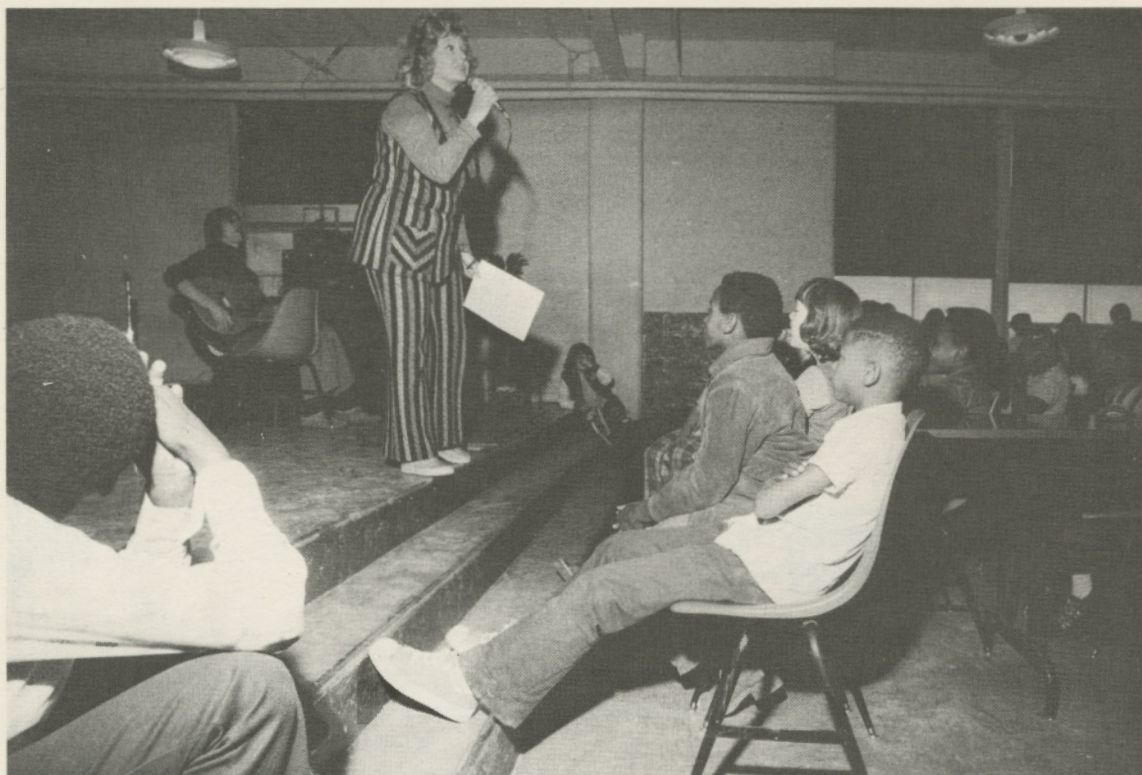
Anonymous
Kershaw Middle School

The State of America is so big
that I could walk in there.
I can't stand it.
Empire is something
I don't know what it is.
The Youth Center is a big old building.
I went somewhere by myself.
I have nothing to say to you.
I jumped over the fence yesterday.

Sharon W.
Clinton Elementary

I enjoyed having Walter at River view
He is a good poet.
Walter is funny.
I Like poetry.
I Like poetry because it don't have
to rhyme

Barbara



Charleen Whisnant

STAMPS

Stamps are always cancelled.
When they get to the post office.
But if they are lost
they will never get cancelled
But they will be Free.

Jay Claniger
Grade 6
Riverview Elementary

MY KNUCKLES

My knuckles are like mountains,
that are green with trees and
grasses;
Where sheep and cattle can run
free and fast.

Cindy Kelly
Grade 6
Riverview Elementary

A DAY IN MY CELL

I go in and sit in my commode.
When I go outside
my hair turns to icicles.
The lunch tastes horrible.
The teachers get big sticks
and hit us on the heads.
The office looks terrifying.
Inside the class is a desert.
I write on my salami.
I sneeze bumblebees.
Sardines come out of the water.

Anonymous
Erwin Elementary

Joe Namath is a deer with fifty feet
A book is a desk
A record player is like a sand pail
Walter Cronkite is a blood clot.

Alan Barfield
Grade 4
Riverview Elementary

Once I had a weird thought.
I thought I could catch birds in the water.
So I went to see if I could
And believe it or not
I caught two red birds, four blue jays,
Three robins, five sparrows, and an eagle.
I went home and showed my parents.
They thought I was crazy.
I went back the next day and caught
Six sparrows, ten mockingbirds, and
A vulture.
My parents still thought I was crazy.
My daddy thought I had set out traps.
He was going to spank me.

Wanda Stogner
Kershaw Middle School

Project JAP

I like project JAP very much.
It adds some excitement to a
regular, dull school day. I esp-
ecially liked the that Flemish
Family and the Shupstenburg
Duo. The Flemish Family sang
some beautiful songs and Tola
Mama Hokes, and Papa Hokes
showed us some tricks. I have
liked all of the groups that
have come.

Beth Helms

FALL

Fall is a good season,
fall is when we haul the leaves off.

Fall is the color brown,
that is when we go up town.

That is when we look around,
I like everything on this very day.

Deborah Caldwell
Grade 5
College Street Elementary

He went down the river I did to.
He ate the garbage and I ate the fish.
He climbed a monkey and jumped back out.
He was a monkeyman.
He brushed his feet.
He ate a fat rat.
He was full but he still ate.
He shakes hands with dinosaurs.
A fly flew out his nose.
The monkeyman ate cats for bananas
But I ate bananas.
He got on a UFO and went home.

Mark Casey
Dobson Elementary

I dreamed I was a galloping pony,
galloping through the woods,
galloping fast, fast as I could.
I, the galloping pony,
that only gallops at night

Sherri Stroud
Grade 5
Lewisville Elementary



I woke up and I was a clock.
I ticked all the time.
My hands went around.
And then a boy tore me up.

The next morning I woke up to be
Inside the chalkboard.
Everybody wrote on me.
It made me sad.
Then they took me down.
A boy came in with a hammer
And busted me up.

The next morning I was a car.
Everybody started driving me.
A man ran me into a pole.

Henry Drown
Southside Elementary
Lancaster

I used to be a five star general
but now I'm an advertisement on a calendar.

Dean Starnes
Buford High School

THE ADIPOSE

One day I was walking and I saw
An adipose. It was a boy.
The adipose was going to the xylem to see
A lot of animals. He saw
A marsupial that looked like a great big bear.
It was pressing on me.
I could just feel the pressure coming on me.
It was the marsupial. He was trying
To get out, but something arachnid him
And the marsupial went back in.
Finally I went phloem and went to bed.
I heard a noise and I got up.
It was the exoderm ringing.
Then I went back to bed.
I got up and went to school
And told everyone what happened.

Anonymous
Flat Creek School

South Carolina Arts Commission
1205 Pendleton Street
Columbia, S. C. 29201

Gentlemen:

I want to thank you very much for making
to students of our school and people of our community
meant to all of us. When we first heard that
our school and would be taking place during the
many of us who were somewhat apprehensive because
should detract from our basic objective, which is
community. Then we heard that a project to be
the something new and we continued to worry be
of and we did not know how to react. But then
found these terrific, stimulating, dedicated,
area -- poets, artists, musicians, potters, and
and into our schools to work with both adults
see, what education can really mean and be. I
I have found this the most rewarding year of
token of our appreciation we want to share with
the program. All of the material was wonderful
choose the work to send to you...but enclosed
tive work (all done by students participating)
And when the students learned I was sending you
so they could also express their appreciation
joyable experience for them this year. We all
mission will consider our area of the state for